

March, 1918

PUCK

Price 15 Cents



The Heart of Iris

Episode II

Far o'er a vast expanse of ocean blue,
As Iris lets her gaze in reverie fall,
She sees, amid the ranks of kahki-clad,
Her lover, him to whom she pledged her all —
And feels her heart drawn Over There.

She little knows when War its toll will claim
From her, whose sacrifice grows heavier still;
She little knows the hour when he may need
Her watchful care; this call she must fulfil —
To join her lover there in France.

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You can become a super-man in energy, vitality, courage, youth, health, pleasure, confidence, self-reliance—a super-man in personality, mind and body. **WHY LIVE THE PARTIAL LIFE?**

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Better health
More pleasure
More happiness
More self-confidence
Greater living power
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Greater personal power
A longer and more fruitful life
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Less old age

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this work and profit by it. It is the A, B, C of perpetual youth. It will mean astonishment to the scientist. It brings confusion to those who practice self-deception. It brings embarrassment to those who believe old age necessary. It seems bold, but this is only the effect of misconception concerning the necessity of old age.

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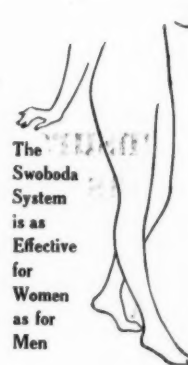
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APR 24 1919

73d ANNUAL REPORT

NEW YORK LIFE

INSURANCE COMPANY

346 & 348 BROADWAY - - - NEW YORK CITY

(Organized under the laws of the State of New York)

THE POLICY-HOLDERS AND THE PUBLIC:

Fixed Assets, Dec. 31, 1917 . . . \$934,929,381.52

Assets are the property of over 1,000,000 people with their
rights (in accordance with their contractual rights). The
Company is purely mutual; it has no capital stock.

Liabilities \$760,742,335.52

Dividends payable in 1918 \$26,561,063.64

Dividends on deferred dividend policies

Subsequent to 1918 107,041,778.00

Contingencies 40,584,204.36 \$174,187,046.00

Total \$934,929,381.52

For the year 1917 the Company's mortality rate
was the lowest in its history

Paying power of total Ledger Assets—

December 31, 1917, 4.59%.

December 31, 1916, 4.54%.

Business for the year \$316,000,000

Insurance, end of 1917 \$2,673,000,000

Policyholders during year \$87,000,000

annual dividend rate of 1917 will be maintained in 1918.

Bonds owned December 31, 1917 \$12,075,000

SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT

We urge all policy-holders to buy War Savings
and Thrift Stamps.

We have directed all Agents to take no application for
insurance from a soldier or sailor unless the applicant already
has the limit with the Government.

BACK UP THE GOVERNMENT

A detailed statement will be sent to any person asking for it.

January 14, 1918.

DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, *President.*



Another Air Raid

by NELL BRINKLEY

PUCK

What Fools These Mortals Be!

WHAT Nelson W. Aldrich used to be called in grim jest, William G. McAdoo has become in grim earnest. Namely, Boss of the United States. Incidentally, one of our cherished national airs may shortly be changed to McAdoodledandy.

The expression, "Even the worm will turn," may in time give way to, "Even the Bolshevik will turn," the latter having shown that there *are* limits to the humiliation which they will take supinely from Potsdam.

It promises to be hard sledding for the German Crown Prince. In order to outdistance his illustrious parent, he must find some power higher than God for his "unconditional ally."

It is gratifying to note that Messrs. Taft and Roosevelt can agree upon something at last. Both "My dear Theodore" and "My dear Will" are in favor of the Red Cross.

Socialist opposition to the powers-that-be will shortly take a brand-new tack. Government control of utilities and necessities is coming so fast that by the time the next national campaign arrives, the Socialist platform will be practically plankless. Nobody will dare stand on it for fear of falling through.

Man rises to ever higher levels. Instance the Kaiser, who knows that God is on his side, whereas the best that Abraham Lincoln could do was to hope that he was on God's side.

Lincoln was a character altogether weak, according to Schrecklichkeit standards. A Hohenzollern would have written it: "With Charity toward none, with Malice for all."

The learned publicists who in 1918 are writing exhaustive histories of the Russian Revolution, would doubtless have attempted, had they been alive, full and complete accounts, in 1777, of the Revolution in America.

Granting that politics makes strange bed-fellows, bed-fellows of the Bolshevik type make twin-beds imperatively necessary in politics.

After reading the prose-poems of the Kaiser, one is bound to believe that many of the Fatherland's greatest composers disappoint him vastly as German propagandists. Brahms, Beethoven, Mendelssohn and the rest literally threw away chances by writing innumerable "Songs Without Words."

The Federal authorities are none too optimistic about Colonel Roosevelt's ability to help win the war. The last two persons to be helped to victory by Colonel Roosevelt were Charles Evans Hughes and John Purroy Mitchel.

When it comes to Pork, there will be no need of posting Congress on "what to do with the leftovers." It knew all there was to know, long before Hoover hove in sight.

To a man without coal in his cellar, the report that "the Germans are using liquid fire" seems almost good reason for enlisting.

Organs of the eleventh century had keys five inches in width, which had to be struck with the fist. This, we violate no confidence in saying, is our idea of serious organic trouble.

Turkey reminds us strikingly of a second-division team in the latter part of September. It will play out its schedule, but it has lost all hope of getting any of the World Series money.

Persons who regret the temporary passing of the exclusive chair-car, and the still more exclusive train de luxe, may console themselves with the thought that the day-coach and democracy run on the same track.

Looming large among the sufferers from Mr. McAdoo's railroad directing is the Pullman porter. If the Pullman goes, the whisk-broom goes, also. Verily, these be bad days for autocrats, be they Kaisers or Porters.

In 1902, David Bennett Hill had inserted in a Democratic platform a plank advocating government control of coal-mines. It was called "dangerously socialistic" at the time. Only the fact that David is dead now prevents him from making some singularly pat and pertinent remarks.

"We must recognize only one principle, that might is right."

—The German General von Lieb.

A principle which is not original with Prussia. It was "recognized" by the first Cave-Man to get off all-fours and carry a club.

Perhaps Germany would relinquish Alsace-Lorraine to France if it could be sure of Senator La Follette's ability permanently to cede to it the "lost province" of Wisconsin.

By the time the Kaiser gets through with it, the Dove of Peace will have as large a vocabulary as the average versatile parrot.

"We have come into a new world," says Frank Vanderlip, referring to democracy's control of utilities and industry. And unlike Columbus, who also came into a new world once, we decline to take possession of it in the name of any king.

The average American household denies King Coal's prerogative to be "a merry old soul."

When President Wilson included in America's peace terms the statement that there should be "no more economic barriers" he sent a shiver down the spine of every High Tariff Standpatter.

Says the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "We must demonstrate that we are victors." Even beginners in higher mathematics know that you cannot demonstrate a proposition by supposition.

When he started dickering with the Russian Bolshevik, the Kaiser paralleled the experience of the baby who poured molasses in the feather-bed. He can't get them off his hands.



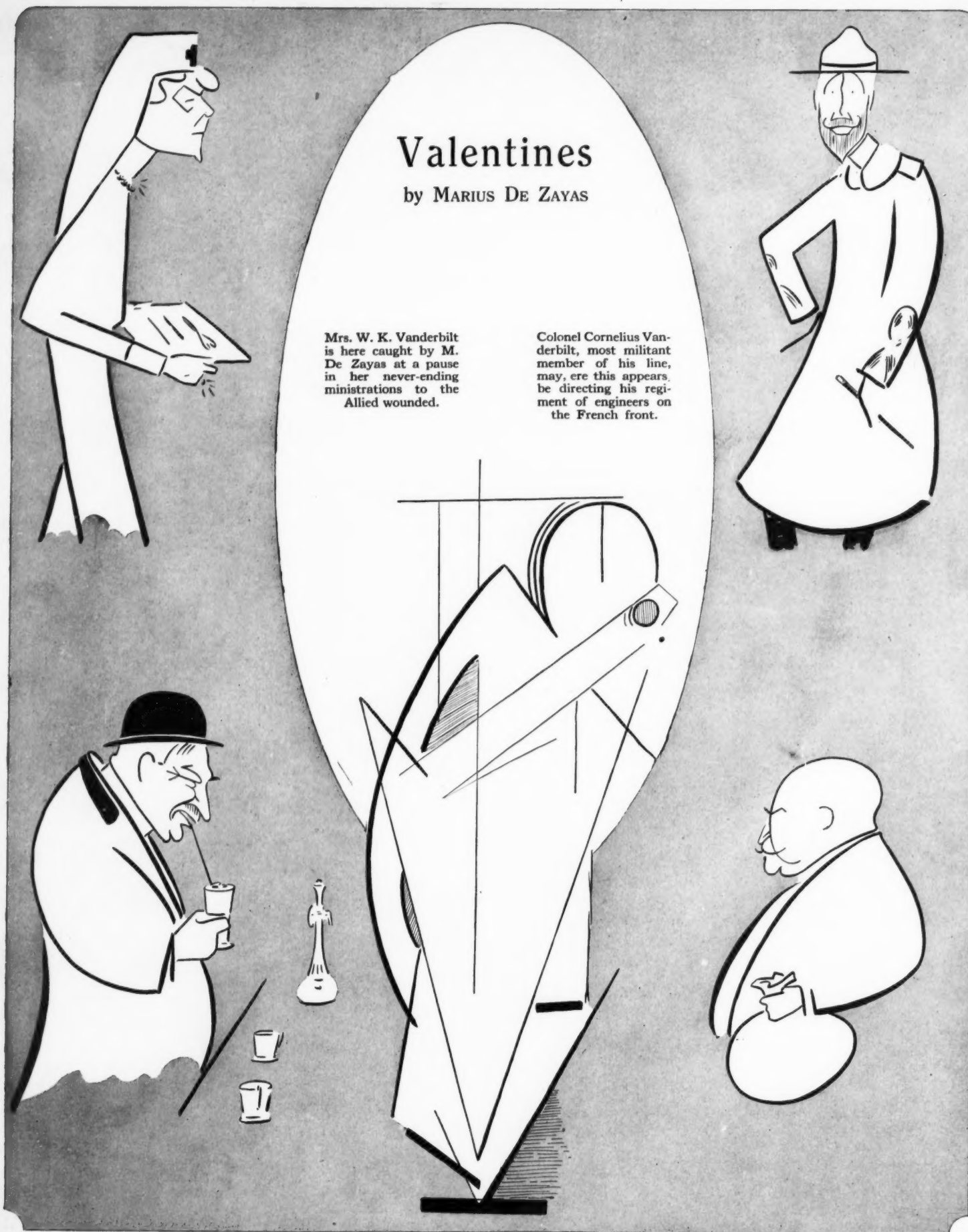
The Road to Fame

Valentines

by MARIUS DE ZAYAS

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt is here caught by M. De Zayas at a pause in her never-ending ministrations to the Allied wounded.

Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, most militant member of his line, may, ere this appears, be directing his regiment of engineers on the French front.



Mr. Theodore P. Shonts is fortifying himself at his favorite soda-fountain, before braving a trip uptown on his justly famous subway.

M. de Zayas accepts full responsibility for labeling this futurist portrait, "Mrs. Philip M. Lydig." Maybe it is; Mrs. Lydig has long been recognized as one of the beauties of New York Society.

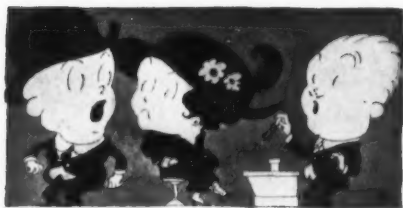
Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, banker and philanthropist, carries the symbol of wealth only as an indication of his many and generous charities.



On the Other Hand

by K. C. B.

ALL I HAVE to do.
WHEN I do this.
IS PUT a piece of paper.
IN THE typewriter.
AND WRITE on it.
IN LITTLE short lines.
LIKE this.
AND IF the editor likes it.
ALL right.
AND IF he doesn't like it.
ALL right.
AND anyway.
YOU NEVER can tell.



ABOUT AN editor.
FOR ALL you know.
HE'S A dyspeptic.
AND WHATEVER you write.
HE WON'T like it.
AND ALL you can do.
IS PUT a piece of paper.
IN THE typewriter.
AND WRITE on it.
LIKE this.
AND IF you're lucky.
HE'LL print it.
AND IF you're not.
ALL right.

AND anyway.
I WANTED to tell you.



THAT LAST week.
I WAS in a store.
AND I heard a woman.
ASK A clerk.
FOR INVISIBLE hairpins.
AND I watched.
AND THE clerk got them.
AND I could see them.
AND THE same day.
I WAS in the subway.
AND THERE was a man.
A BIG man.
ALL dressed up.

IN EVERYTHING he had.
AND YOU could tell.
THE WAY he acted.
HE HAD an idea.
EVERYBODY in the car.
WAS LOOKING at him.
AND SAYING to themselves.
"ISN'T HE grand."
AND WHEN he got up.
TO GET out.
HE BLEW up his chest.
AND BUTTONED his coat.
AND pivoted.
SO THAT everybody.
COULD LOOK him over.
AND ADMIRE him.
AND HE was that swell.
HE COULDN'T hurry.
AND HE got caught in the door.
AND THE train started.
AND WE had to drag him back.
INTO THE car.
AND AFTER that.
HE WAS a regular guy.
LIKE THE rest of us.

AND I know a man.
WHO GOT a divorce.
FROM HIS wife.



A YEAR ago.
AND LAST month.
HE RECEIVED word.
SHE WAS A Red Cross nurse.
OVER IN France.
AND HE went right out.
AND BOUGHT a service flag.
WITH ONE star.
AND HUNG it in the window.
OF HIS flat.
AND IF you ask him.
WHY THE flag.
HE JUST presses your hand.
AND WHAT with that.
AND watery eyes.
FROM staying up nights.
HE GETS by.
AND they do say.
HE'S away behind.
IN HIS alimony.

AND NEAR where I live.
THERE'S A little boy.
ABOUT SIX years old.
AND WHEN it was cold.
HE WAS standing on the sidewalk.
ALL bundled up.
AND little red mittens.
AND little red cheeks.
AND shivering.

AND I stopped.
AND put my hand on his head.
AND said.
"WHEN IT'S so cold.
"ALL LITTLE boys.
"SHOULD BE in the house."
AND HE looked at me.
AND his little teeth chattered.
AND he shivered.
AND said.
"THERE AIN'T any fun.
"IN THE house."
AND EVER since then.

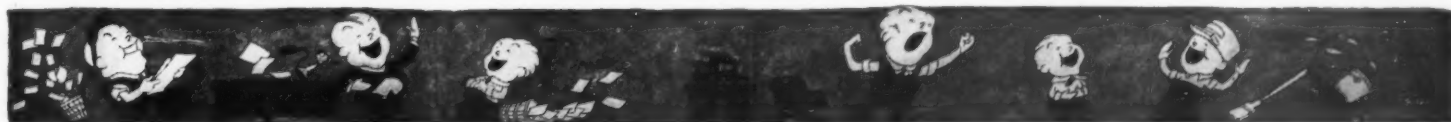


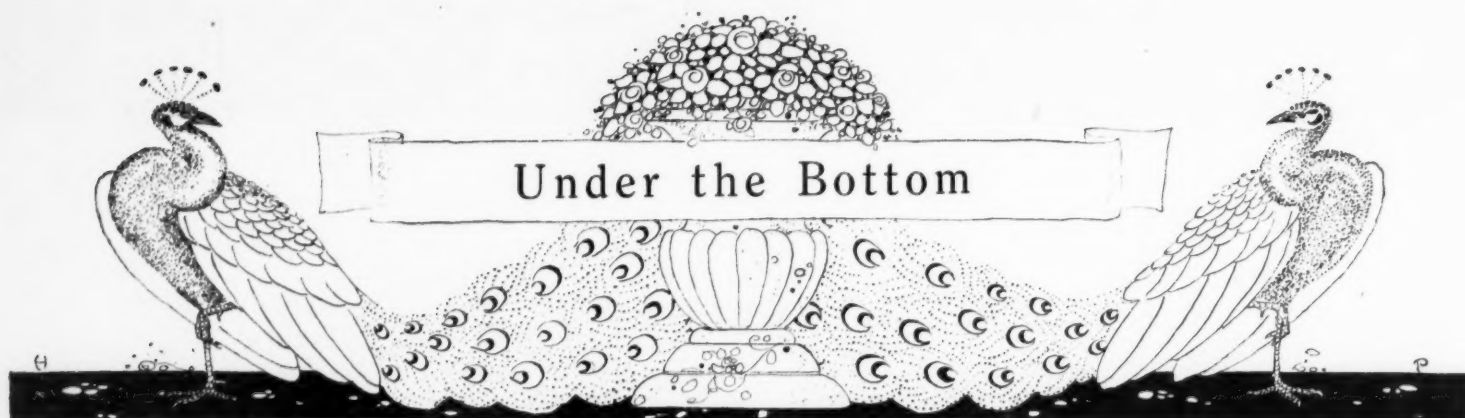
I'VE BEEN trying to fathom.
THE mystery.
OF LITTLE boy minds.

AND AT a theatre.
THE other night.
THE orchestra.
PLAYED "The Star Spangled Banner."
AND BEFORE the echoes.
OF THE last note.
HAD DIED away.
IT BROKE right in.
WITH A one step.
AND I remembered the story.
ABOUT THE woman.
WHO HAD the minister.
AT HER house for dinner.



AND WHEN he left.
SHE SAID to her husband.
"THANK THE Lord.
"THAT'S over with."
AND IF I can do it.
AND GET away with it.
IT'S A nice job.
ALL I have to do.
IS PUT some paper.
IN THE typewriter.
AND KEEP on writing.
TILL I get down here.
AND I'M through.





Under the Bottom

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

*The Thrilling Story of a Man Who Stayed at Home and Fought Through all the Personal-Record War Books**

WHEN the war broke out in 1914 and Harper Brothers and Dodd, Mead and Co. issued their now famous call for volunteers to do their bit in reading the book material that the brave lads at the front were fighting for, I was one of the first hundred thousand to respond. For a while, I confess, I had been unstirred. But, presently, when the appeal became urgent and daily I beheld my gallant fellow countrymen being maimed and wounded in the mad charges upon the Public Library and Brentano's, I found I could resist the impassioned plea no longer. I drew some money from my meager savings at the bank, laid in enough of the books to last me a week, bade my dear wife and little ones good-by and, with a smile in my eyes but a sense of foreboding in my heart, started on my way to the front.

Once there (our library faces the street), I sapped my way into the depths of a deep armchair and, with steadfast courage and a curse for the enemy on my lips, set myself to the first book. I figured, by gauging the distance carefully, that I could get to the rear of the book before taps, and that, by tunneling similarly day after day, I could do my duty by the first lot of the author Allies by the middle of the following month. In this manner, I had begun to make good headway when, one day, with twenty-four books still to read, the unperceived eventuality of my birthday suddenly brought me from various sinister quarters the Century Company's one hundred and thirty-six newest war books, the Bobbs-Merrill Company's one hundred and twenty-two latest, and the G. P. Putnam's Sons two hundred and seventy-one.

Things, I admit, began now to look a bit dark. But the thought of my dear ones back there served me anew and I plunged ahead. Germany and Russia, Austria and France, England and Serbia were now enmeshed in the terrible conflict, but I am proud to say I was one of the first Americans to throw everything aside—everything—musical shows, baseball games, poker, fox-trotting, everything—and go to the aid of the Allied book-writers' publishers. By the twelfth of the month following, I had read four hundred and thirty-three of the books when—horror of horrors—Italy entered the war on the Allies' side! I realized I would now, out of a sense of loyalty, have to read the war books written by the Italian soldiers, too!

But I didn't hesitate or falter. I laid in Little, Brown and Company's three hundred and seven latest, B. W. Huebsch's newest two hundred and sixty-three and George Doran's latest six hundred

and ninety-five, ordered some stronger glasses, and prepared unflinchingly to serve the great cause. Then Christmas, coming on shortly, brought to me in my entrenched position Duffield and Company's December list of two hundred and eighty-eight new ones (each, I was happy to observe, emblazoned with the inscription, "*It's the real thing!*"), the Macmillan Company's advance January list of four hundred and nine, the Henry Holt and Company's list of two hundred and forty-four and the Charles Scribner's Sons' list of three hundred and twenty-six.

"If the great work keeps up," I cried to myself, "I'll eat my next Christmas dinner in Mero-witz's!"

I was tired and sore and my eyes ached terribly, but I didn't lose faith in myself. Day after day I stuck to my post. I read two hundred and six "*J'Accuses*," three hundred and twenty-one "*Records of Eyewitnesses*," one hundred and twelve "*Diaries of U-Boats Commanders*," four hundred and twenty-six "*Fighting for Peaces*," one hundred and three "*Insides of Russia*," five hundred and fifty-three "*Wars and Humanities*," one hundred and nineteen "*Evidences in the Case*," two hundred and thirty-seven "*At Ypres*," one hundred and thirty-four "*Records of a Diplomat's Second Cousin in Berlin*," one hundred and nine, one "*No Man's Lands*," two hundred and fifty-eight "*Campaigns in France and Flanders*," and a grand total of seven thousand and sixty-one "*Carry Ons*," "*Come on Overs*," "*Over the Tops*," "*Over the Sides*," "*Over the Middles*," "*Best of Lucks*," "*Give 'Em Hells*," "*Under Fires*," "*Pan-Germans Plots Unmasked*," "*Students in Arms*," "*Professors in Arms*," "*On the Edge of the War Zones*," "*Along the Sommes*," "*With the Tommies*," "*Germany the Next Republics*" and "*Give It To 'Em Where They Live, Fellas!*"

My hair grew to an ungainly length; my beard bloomed several inches—for one has no time to shave when one is in the service; but I was happy in the thought that I was doing my share to cheer up the author Allies in the muddy trenches of Europe. I had got through my two hundred and six "*J'Accuses*" with nothing more serious than a sty in the left eye, but as long as Sweden kept from going in on the German side I knew I wouldn't have to read any more "*J'Accuses*," and might thus devote my time more unremittingly to the forthcoming Spring list of the E. P. Dutton Company's seven hundred and twelve "*Up and at 'Ems*," "*Hit 'Em Hards*," etc., the John Lane Company's four hundred and ninety-eight "*On to Berlins*," "*On to Viennas*," etc., the Moffat, Yard and Company's five hundred and seventy-three various "*Boot the Boches*" and the Frederick A. Stokes Company's three hundred and twelve different "*Hamstringing the Huns*," to say

nothing of the Houghton Mifflin Company's eight hundred and thirty-eight divers "*Giving the Gate to the Greeks*," "*Twenty-threeing the Turks*," "*With the First Four Hundred Thousand at Camemberts*" and "*The Hilltops on the Port du Salut*," Doubleday, Page and Company's seven hundred odd "*Barbed Wire Ballads*," "*With the French Flyers*," "*Putting It Over with the Poi-lus*" and "*Mementoes of the Marne*" and Sherman, French and Company's six hundred and twenty-eight different "*Fix Bayonets!*" "*With a Belgian Nurse in Filet Mignons*," "*Billetted in Bordeaux*," "*Tampering with the Terrors*," "*Up and Poke 'Ems!*" "*From Dover to Dixmundes*" and "*With the Coldstream Guards through Moet-et-Chandons*."

But what was that?

Someone was pounding at the door.

What—who—could it be?

My wife, her face dead white, her nostrils dilated, rushed into the room.

"Hugo!" she cried.

"What is it?" I shouted.

"The United States has entered the war!" she burst out.

"Well," I asked, somewhat dumfounded, "what about it?"

"What about it! *What about it!*" she literally screamed. "Don't you realize that now you'll have to read all the new books that'll be written by our own soldier boys?"

I hadn't thought of it. I went pale. I felt for a chair. I was about to open my mouth to speak when—

What was that?

Someone was pounding on the door.

What—who—could *this* be?

"Come in," I managed to cry out weakly.

A delivery boy entered and dropped an enormous package on the table.

"What's that?" I asked.

"That's Reilly and Britton's advance copies of '*How to Live at the Front*, or *Straight Tips to the American Soldier*' and '*The Enemies within Our Gates*,' Lippincott's new ones just hot off the presses this mornin', '*From Plattsburg to Potsdam*,' '*Why I Am Going to Can the Kaiser*' and '*With Uncle Sam to the Rescue*,' the Penn Publishing Company's quick specially prepared hum-dingeroso, '*When the Eagle Screams*,' the Appletons' advance copies of '*We're on Our Way Over There*,' '*Swash 'Em, Sammies!*' '*Making the World Safe for Democracy*,' '*The Madison Barracks Bugle Book*,' '*Hike, Boys, Hike*' . . ."

But I heard no more. When my wife turned to look at me, so she told me several months afterward, I was clinging to the mantel, a wild look in my eyes, singing "*Pretty Baby*" to a photograph of Harry K. Thaw.

*Now in the thirty-seventh million edition; at all bookstores, \$1.50 net, with jackets in three colors showing the authors back from two years in Hell and still smiling at the thoughts of the big royalty statements.

She Has a Club of Her Own

Miss Justine Johnstone, whose presence lends so rare a charm to "Over the Top," during the intermissions of which she finds time to preside over her own "Little Club."



Photos by Abbe

A New Face in "Flo-Flo"

For six nights a week and two matinees, Miss Ruby Norton throws over a real Count for the boy from "back home," and thus keeps alive the real traditions of musical comedy.



A Chat With the Star in My Own Play

by ALAN DALE

OH, yes, the conventional "chat" is not difficult; it is not unpleasant, as nobody knows better than yours truly. I usually "discover" my chatty actress in the midst of her goods and chattels, primed for the occasion, and perfectly at her ease. She may declare that the idea of the talk has frightened her immeasurably, but even that remark is part of the stage setting, just like the clinging kimono she frequently affects.

But when it came to "interviewing" Emily Stevens on the stage of the Morosco Theatre, while she was rehearsing my play, "The Madonna of the Future," it dawned upon me that I had undertaken a veritable feat.

Don't you see my dilemma? Suppose I asked her questions that she considered impertinent, or gave her a chance to imagine that I was not going to do the right thing by her—as she gauged the right thing? Why, that girl could make a monkey of me! She could damage me beyond all human power. She could make of me a pulpy impossibility.

The mere thought of it all appalled me. Now you know, I have criticized Emily Stevens at various times, and perhaps quite pungently. The first time I met her at rehearsal, I imagined—I say, imagined—that she was a trifle "detached" (the word "detached" means a whole lot), and we just bowed, each rather condescendingly. I don't believe that Miss Stevens was a bit abashed; but I was! Oh, yes I was! My mission in watching rehearsals of my own play—my first and only—was to make suggestions, but I soon found that while it is quite easy, and not disagreeable, to make those suggestions on paper, when the actors and actresses are not there, it is quite another thing to do the thing *viva voce*. I have often thought that there would be no dramatic criticisms at all, if critics were asked to arise in their seats at the theatre, and speak them. *Misericordia!*

So I sat silently, whilst Miss Stevens mumbled the rôle I had written. Of course, I knew that actresses do not act their parts at early rehearsals. They just accustom themselves to the "sense" of the rôle. Or to the non-sense, as the case may

be. Still, I was frightened. I cudgelled my brain to recall all that I had written anent Miss Stevens, and I thought of one or two awful things. Perhaps she had accepted this rôle in "The Madonna of the Future" just to get even with me! Several people, with nice reflective minds said as much. You see, Emily Stevens is a woman with a brain—a brain that is always working—I daresay you've

noticed that when you have seen her on the stage—and I paled!

Then I took to following her about the stage, bent on conversation. Would you believe it? I was never able for two weeks to get one expression of opinion from her on the subject of the part she had elected to play. Yet she was charming.

"Would Mr. Dale allow me to say this—instead of that?" she would query most deferentially—and I couldn't help thinking that the deference was a bit over-done. It was as though she were saying "Mr. Dale has put it over me many times. Now I'm going to do a little 'putting over.'"

Oh she was quite merry. She was quite a surprise to me, because I had thought that perhaps she was a trifle "up-stage" as it were. Nothing of the sort. Miss Stevens is really the most democratic creature I have met, and she was quite as charming to me as to the "extra" ladies. And I thought that extremely nice.

One day I cornered her. It was impossible to escape. Her scene was at least ten minutes off, so we sat together in the empty theatre—and how desolate it seemed—and I prepared for a "chat." I thought of "pictures" in which she has appeared for a long time, and which I felt sure she must hate. I felt that, with my play, I had saved her! It was a noble sensation. I put question after question in my best chatty style—just as though she were at home on a "chaste lounge" and in a kimono, and she listened attentively. She is really very pretty, with slate colored eyes that seem to evade you though you are quite convinced that they are missing nothing, and with very aureate hair.

"I see," she said reflectively, and quite comfortably. "I know what you want. You are certain that I hate pictures, because all my contemptuaries—"

"You mean contemporaries?" I interrupted idiotically, not getting it for the moment.

"Did I say 'contemptuaries'?" she asked innocently, the slate colored eyes upon me. "Oh, please make it contemporaries."



"Now, my smart young friend, what are you going to say to that?"

"Contemtuaries, how gorgeous!" I exclaimed, genuinely amused, but too late. The fizz as gone from the *bon mot* and I felt sure that Miss Stevens thought lightly of my acumen. She looked as though she did.

She went on, noticing nothing: "You think I am going to make some cutting remarks about the films, which you would love to print. Well, I'm not, and don't you believe it for a moment. Surely you couldn't imagine—"

"I imagine nothing," I retorted rather sternly—not too sternly because under the peculiar circumstances I have already noted, I could not afford to be stern. "Today I am an amanuensis."

Miss Stevens could have indulged in a bit of gorgeous repartee, but she refrained. I will say that she is a very kind person—though I hate the word "person" where she is concerned.

"At first I found pictures rather difficult," she said sedately, "but I have grown to like them. Everybody connected with the pictures in which I have appeared has been most courteous, so—"

She paused, and there was an expression that seemed to say: "Now, my smart friend, what are you going to say to that?"

"Don't you find," I plodded along clumsily, "that they make you extremely conscious. You know what I mean?"

"Yes," she replied. "they make me very conscious of owning a neat and interesting bank account. It is quite a pleasant sort of consciousness, and it makes a strenuous appeal to me. Seriously though"—she was beginning to pity me as I floundered in the morass of difficulties—"I find that after a time, one gets quite shameless in pictures. At first the idea of appearing in the street—acting in the open—is dreadful, but now I would just as soon play a rôle on Broadway, before the passers-by as in the theatre. It is a remarkable thing how one does accustom oneself to experiences that at first seem intolerable."

Then she was called to the stage, and I sat and watched her, as my heroine. Soon I forgot that I was trying to "chat" with her.

"That French title, *La Comtesse de Poivrade-Soliknois*, is awfully difficult to pronounce," she called to me from the stage. "I don't suppose I shall get it right until the opening night. Don't be discouraged."

Of course, she got it right instantly, and then came the moment when she corrected me, and she was right and I was wrong! I had written it that an inhabitant of the French city, Dijon, was *Dijonnais*, and Emily Stevens quietly made it "Dijonnais."

"I wrote 'Dijonnais,'" I suggested affably but firmly—oh, quite firmly.

"I know you did," she replied sweetly, "but my cook told me that it should be Dijonnais and my cook is French."

I shrank back in alarm. To be set right by Miss Stevens' cook! Well, that was one "on me." Admit that I am courageous to give myself away. Oh, I take great credit for my courage.

Later she came and sat by me again, and once

more I became the interviewer, or made the effort. "You are so difficult to chat with," I protested, as she refused to help me, although she knew what I wanted. "I shall have to fall back upon that lovely topic—the temptations of the stage."

"Oh," she said joyously. "Do let's try and give it a new twist. Do you think that pure girls hurt the stage?"

At that, we both sat and howled. It was a new twist with a vengeance, and I don't think I could possibly have improved upon it.

"I think it rather a neat idea, don't you?" she asked. "You will interview me. You are not

looked at me rather askance, as though I had read her.

"Criticism no longer affects me as it used to do," she said seriously. "Oh, when I first went on the stage, I resented it, because you know, I thought I was a great actress, and couldn't bear to realize that others thought differently. Today, of course I consider criticism, but it does not worry me at all. We must expect it. I do. Really, you mustn't ask me such questions. I should like to answer them brilliantly, but I'm so busy thinking about this part. Can't you understand? Do you want me to give an unconsidered performance?"

"No, a thousand times no," I declaimed, terrified for the moment. What a predicament for a chap! There was I, actually taking the attention of Miss Stevens from my own play, for the sake of my own interview. Only the late W. S. Gilbert could do justice to such a topsy-turvy arrangement. Miss Stevens laughed, and enjoyed my anguish which was real—quite real. "Of all the parts I have played up to the present"—I tried to believe that she emphasized the words "up to the present"—"I think I liked that in 'The Garden of Paradise' the best. Oh, I loved it."

I was a bit haughty. "I cannot recall the play," I remarked carelessly, and it happened to be true, though careless. "I thought I had seen everything, and yet I do not remember 'The Garden of Paradise.'"

"It was written for me by Edward Sheldon," she went on paying little attention to me "and it was an Urban production. It was a failure, but that made no difference. I owned the play. It was the first I had ever owned, and I loved it. Few people can remember it, but I shall never forget it. That may sound strange. You see, in 'The Garden of Paradise' I played a very good woman, and that was something new to me. I felt as though it were a sort of debauch of goodness—you know what I mean—and I was very proud. You see, I am usually cast for ladies who are not—exactly ladies, and in 'The Garden of Paradise' I had the opportunity to be something else."

"Well in pictures, you have all the opportunities to be good that you could desire," I retorted, returning to the abandoned subject. But Miss Stevens' mouth was rigidly closed on the subject of "camera-flage"—her own expression (I wish I had said it first) and try as I would, I could not make her utter one single remark derogatory to the screen. I endeavored to get her admission that in the films there was no question of "art" but she was silent.

"The trouble with me is that I am not saying the things that you would like me to say," (Continued on page 25)



"My cook told me—and my cook is French!"



"I suppose I should feel very grateful to you."

satisfied with my playing your heroine—and I haven't told you what I think of her—but you want to hear me talk. I dislike being interviewed in cold blood. Anyway, we have now disposed of the temptations of the stage. Continue."

"Why not roast critics?" I asked audaciously. She



"When Beauty Pleadeth—"

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

"All orators are dumb," says Mr. Shakspeare, so we shall let Miss Alice Wagner, of the Midnight Frolic, speak eloquently in her own behalf.



Photo by
Alfred Cheney Johnston



*At the hour of posting our tender
missive on St. Valentine's Day,
we paused—would it be Miss
Gladys Loftus —*

**We Hesitate
-and Are Lost!**

*or Miss Ann Pennington, both of
them characteristic discoveries of
the omniscient Mr. Ziegfeld. We
still hesitate—who wouldn't?*

Photo by Abbe



Leaks in the Dyke-



Dyke—by Raemaekers



"The Judge shot terror into Joe's soul by opening and closing a huge pair of scissors."



Double Cross-Hatched

by EVERETT SHINN

Illustrated by the Author

IT would seem from the following narrative that Joe Hegge's aura was cross-hatched. The psychic eye that sees things in the ether might easily detect lines running up and down and lines running sideways. Joe's latter life is sufficient vindication for this belief. There exists something like absolute proof that these cross-marks had a distinct and powerful influence on his mode of living and the ultimate moulding of Joe into a hardened criminal. This story opens when the magic handkerchief of the law was placed over Joe Hegge and the mystic words "twenty years" transformed him into No. 926.

Joe's inclination toward wrong-doing might have been traceable to his parents, for his father was a checking clerk in a screen factory and his mother head buyer for an establishment that dealt exclusively in ladies' veilings. It may seem a curious conjecture, but I believe that this paternal taste for screens and veilings was naturally by the laws of heredity transferred to poor Joe, and having in mind the innocent cross-lines of a wire screen and the silken cross-weave of a veil, we hear of Joe at the tender age of three apprehended by the local Sheriff for stealing a lawn tennis racquet.

Again my conjecture extends itself to a still further linking of cross-lines with his violent passion for plaid clothes and a further link to his downfall. For wire screens suggested plaids, plaids suggested checks, and there you are. Joe wanted a check and the only way he could own one was to forge it. So in a little while the tentacles of a wire screen fastened itself so securely to Joe's intelligence that his love of plaid clothes found its logical conclusion in a signature across the back of a check in the opposite direction of the face side.

One will now see the handicap that Joe was given in his race to jail. To begin with, Joe was born in a little latticed cottage on a cross-road. His brother was cross-eyed, wore laced shoes and owned a pacing horse. At the end of the walk leading to the house was a turnstile. In this environment Joe lived, tender and susceptible. Is it any wonder that in later years Joe was double-crossed by a pal and juggled?

On the morning of Joe's first apprehension, the Judge shot terror into Joe's soul as he accentuated his cross-examination by opening and closing a huge pair of scissors. It was a bright sunny day when Joe, handcuffed to the Sheriff, stepped into the Warden's office. The floor was of black and white tile laid off like a checker-board. Joe's terror increased as he saw himself reflected in the Warden's shaving mirror; the sun streaming through the upright bars of the prison windows cast their shadows across the stripes on his prison clothes. The state had given him stripes but nature had clothed him in a broad check suit.

Joe's fast ebbing spirits were rapidly lowered at the first glance at his narrow cell window, for the two upright bars were crossed on the outside of the prison wall by two telegraph wires.

Days and days passed with Joe seated on the end of his cot, his eyes glazed and fixed on the movements of a spider that spun, crossed and re-crossed a great web in the opposite corner. One day in a fit of anger No. 926 killed the spider and

As he looked back and anchored his memory to his boyhood days he found many things that presaged his present situation. He now remembered that his mother that tucked him up close to his big cross-eyed brother under the old checkered quilt. He remembered that his bed had no springs, but was supported on rope laced from headboard to footboard and from side to side. He could see his big brother lying on his back with both eyes focused on the tip of his nose, then crossing each other in lines of vision and going off into space. Joe had an idea when he was a little chap that he could make faces with impunity at his brother so long as he stood directly in front of him and inside the pie-shaped wedge of his vision. He remembered in his school days that the sight of a tennis net used to produce a fit of melancholia. And he had a particular loathing for the minister's son who taught him tat-tat-toe.

It was years after Joe's conviction that his dream of escape seemed worthy of being turned into an actuality. The guards never suspected that a

little man known as 926 toiled unremittingly from "lights out" until breakfast time under a slab of stone beneath his washstand. A few days with proper tools and any man might be free, but Joe had no tools. The state might keep a spade out of his reach, but they could not take away his hands or his cunning.

Joe went into the exercising squad each morning much heavier than when he came out, for the lining of his clothes was full of dirt which he had taken from the tunnel. Joe's violent exercises caused comment, but never suspicion. When Joe finished his callisthenics he stood on a mound of dirt nearly a foot above the stone blocks of the prison yard. Joe assumed a rôle of untidiness to disguise his nocturnal labors beneath his cell. The unsuspecting guards allowed Joe more baths than was customary in the prison regulations, and in this manner Joe became a human dredging bucket. Months rolled into years, and Joe still worked at his tube-like boulevard under the prison walls. Ten years had been spent in passing the wall of the broom factory, and he had still some distance to go to pass the outer wall. Why dwell on his labors? Nights passed in cold sweats and dread of apprehension. Let it be stated that Joe worked in a manner almost superhuman. That time seemed to be a special invention for prisoners, was



As a little chap, Joe could make faces at his big brother as long as he stood inside the pie-shaped wedge of his vision.

forged the cobweb by tracing a very rich man's name on the whitewashed wall with the spider's blood. After a futile effort to cash it, Joe lapsed into a silent figure in the shadow of his cell.

Something lay dormant in Joe's intelligence, but some day he determined to "Jimmy" the window to that bungalow of thought and set free a plan of escape. Now that he had saved all of his vacations and bunched them, he could figure out at his leisure why he had always worn plaids and couldn't keep his hands off other peoples checks. Some day he would discover what a hell mental suggestion had made for him.

turnal labors beneath his cell. The unsuspecting guards allowed Joe more baths than was customary in the prison regulations, and in this manner Joe became a human dredging bucket. Months rolled into years, and Joe still worked at his tube-like boulevard under the prison walls. Ten years had been spent in passing the wall of the broom factory, and he had still some distance to go to pass the outer wall. Why dwell on his labors? Nights passed in cold sweats and dread of apprehension. Let it be stated that Joe worked in a manner almost superhuman. That time seemed to be a special invention for prisoners, was



Joe's terror increased as he caught sight of his reflection in the warden's shaving mirror

Joe's only comforting thought as he burrowed, hacked, scraped and crawled along the black earthen tunnel toward freedom.

It was a tribute to his cunning brain that he had provided at various intervals along this black route provisions in sufficient quantity to sustain him for a long period in case he had to stay below ground. It now came to a point when Joe could not spare the time to go back to his cell and report, so he decided to stick where he was. How long he stayed there he never could tell, but it was in one of those vague indeterminate spaces of time (for Joe neither knew night from day, or winter from summer) that he felt the earth above him less resistant. A consuming thrill of ecstatic joy came to him as he discovered that the stones that he was pushing back were not hard, but soft—soft—

They were potatoes. He was under the vegetable garden in the warden's yard. That moment to Joe was equivalent to freedom. It was so close; he was beyond the outer wall!

Joe let down a handful of potatoes, ate several of them and waited for the moment he was to go out into the sunlit world. Suddenly Joe's mole-like sense of touch and hearing tingled his nerves into a realization of imminent danger. It came to Joe like the shrill shriek of the siren that rends the heavens when a prisoner has made his escape. Joe distinctly heard the impact of heavy feet within touch of his head. If a man bent into the position of a key ring could be said to stagger back, Joe did. He shuddered, inhaled the shop-worn oxygen, then turned so pale that he lit up the surrounding darkness of the tunnel.

The footsteps had gone, and he closed his eyes to keep out the blinding light of his own paleness. An hour passed and there came no throaty warning from the steamy guardian. The clarion blast only waited the signal of one of the guards. Joe knew that if he let down one more handful of dirt, the steam calliope would call the country side in ones and hundreds to hunt him down.

Again he felt the heavy tread of feet above him. There was a rasping, cutting sound mingling with the shifting boots. Joe backed down into the tight circular tube and stared at the dome of dirt above his head. There was an uncertainty in the toiler above ground, for suddenly the position was changed, nearer, closer to Joe. It suddenly came to him that he was safe; the man above him was a "trusty," in the Warden's garden, hoeing potatoes.

Joe smiled, then laughed, but that fatal joyousness, that body-racking agitation caused the dirt to loosen about his head and the rest of his smile was mixed with gravel and fertilizer. He struggled; it was useless, he was powerless to move.

They were digging potatoes. Had they passed his hill? No! It was to be his hill next. Joe closed his eye over a neighborly grub worm and thought of the labor he had put into this private road, and of the whitewashed cell called the home of 926, and of the sun-kissed hills beyond. A hoe sunk into the soft dirt above his head. As a prisoner he was bald, otherwise he would have been scalped.

"Hey, Pete, come here," a gruff voice called to someone above. "I bet I get the prize on this Murphy."

Joe felt two rough hands scrape away the dirt from his smooth head. He breathed hard with the hope that it might be his last on this earth.

"Gee, that's a whopper. Them's the best we've ever growed; take 'er out."

Joe recognized the voice of Warden Hollerin, and already he could feel the dampness of the "solitary" he would be taken back to.

"OUT SHE COMES!"

Joe felt four hands close over his head, and then with a mighty tug he was lifted to the surface. Two men staggered back across the potato patch and brought up against the prison wall with a crash. Warden Hollerin whipped out his revolver and crawled toward the prize potato.



The sight of a tennis net used to produce a fit of melancholia

"Why it's Joe Hegge, I'll be damned."

"Guess it's all up with me, Warden."

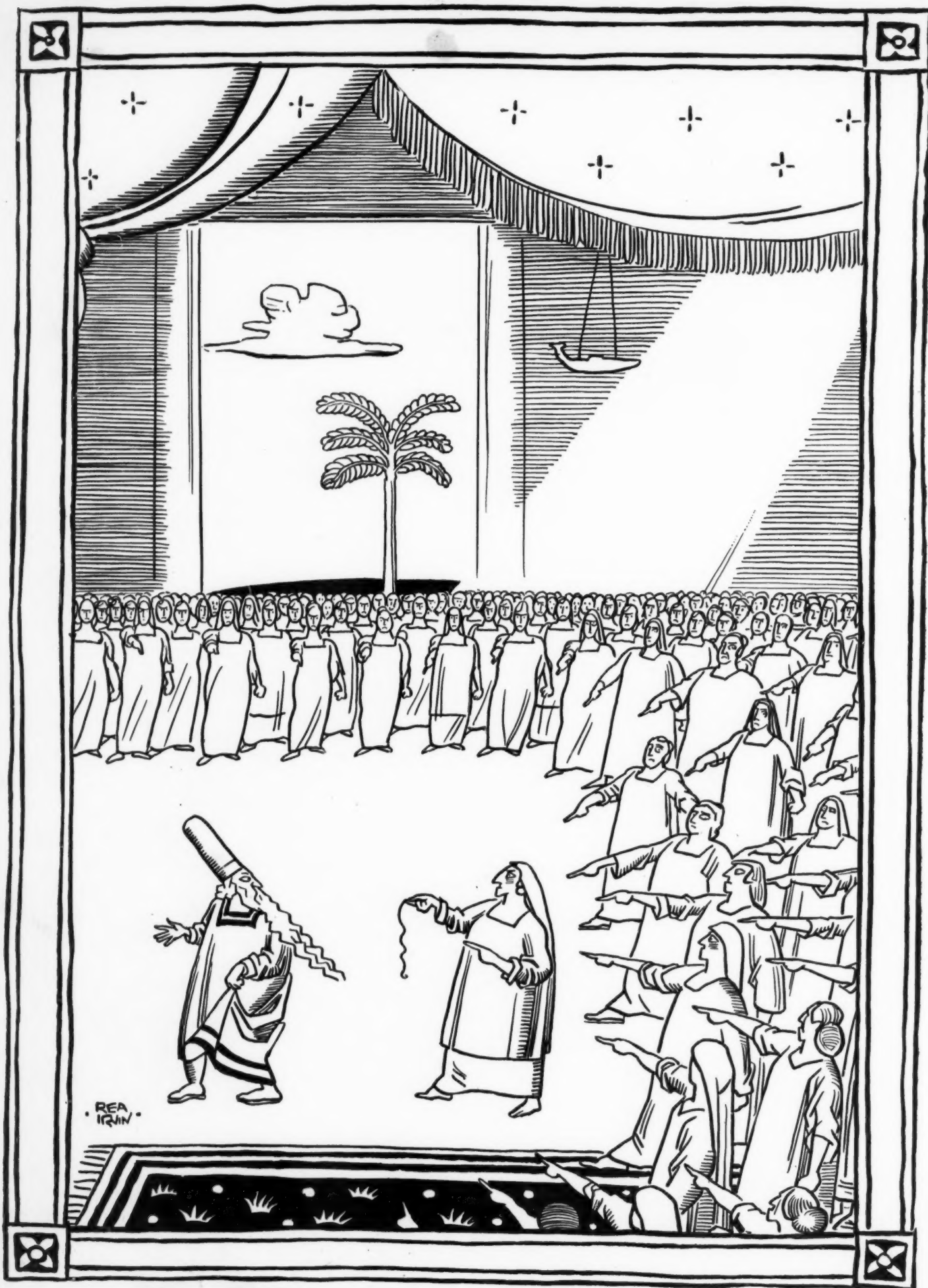
"Certainly not, Joe. You've been missed for over a year. Your time was up nine months ago. Too bad ye didn't know it."

Crossed in the last great achievement of his life! The reflection that he might have walked to freedom, instead of digging his way, was too much for our greatly-crossed hero. That part of life that still stretched before him, seemed crossed by many conflicting paths.

Joe begged the warden to cover him up, and build a cross-hatched, latticed trellis over the spot.



Joe felt four hands close over his head, and then with a mighty tug he was lifted to the surface



King Solomon's Wives Find a Strange Blonde Hair On His Dinner Jacket



Folie

I AM a rich woman. It is very tiresome to have a good-natured pudgy husband with a brain like a jellyfish, a chattering coterie of aimless friends, a motor whose engine purrs money! money! money! at each turn of the wheels. I hate fresh strawberries in the dead of winter, frozen faced butlers and meaningless jewels.

I should like to have a lover in Greenwich Village whose cheeks have an interesting emaciated line and whose eyes burn brightly when he fondles his violin. I should adore red wine and cheaper slippery spaghetti, and to dine in a smoky little alcove which had no resemblance to the Crystal Room at the Ritz. My shoes should be a bit worn, and I would wear a Botticelli blue smock to bring out the tints in my red hair. On Sunday afternoons we would ride on a Fifth Avenue Bus and be jolted delightfully for blocks and blocks.

I am a rich woman, but I am also a fool.



How many playwrights and how many actors are needed for a successful play?

Sex of one and half a dozen of the other.

Mocking As A Fine Art

What we need now is a Hollow Mockery cookbook. We have long known the art of Mock Turtle Soup. Now, we must make mock mince-meat, mock lobster and everything like that. It behoovers us to make all the mock foods we can invent; and a mock hash that calls for neither meat nor potatoes is the height of good behavior. When engaging a cook, remember that a good mocker is rather to be chosen than great dishes, and never look a Mock Duck in the mouth. Any kind of near-meat or ami-food may be used, and to help win the war and feel the dove of peace hovering above us, let us all resolve to serve mock oranges for breakfast and lunch on mockoroni.

Do you know Mrs. Sprightly Sponger is making a perfect fool of that young millionaire Booby!

Yes, she belongs to the class of Women Who Do Things.

Unattainable

Lo, two things Earth hath shown me not,
Though I am seeking still:
A Fountain-pen that will not blot,
And a blotter that will!

Easy Money

They were on their honeymoon, and it was his habit to let his pretty little bride pick up any of those lovely, shiny new dimes or quarters given in change. Rising from the restaurant table, he left four of the shiny quarters on the plate. Unnoticed by him, and all unmeaning of wrong,



Just One Thing After Another

by CAROLYN WELLS

Bridie picked them up and dropped them in her knitting-bag, smiling at the waiter. And did the waiter smile back? *He did not!*

The Débutante Speaks

I know there must fall to my share
A splendid, thrilling love-affair;
Because—the adage old improving—
I claim the world owes me a loving!



Mrs. Legion's Bit

Those *dear* boys! Really, I don't know
How people *can* neglect the chance
To send a magazine or so
To cheer our Soldier Boys in France.
I know their eyes will dance and shine
When they receive this lot of mine!

I'm sending last month's BABYLAND,
Two copies of THE GOLFER'S OWN;
And this FARM JOURNAL—it's just grand!
They'll *love* it in the fighting zone;
And I can fancy their glad looks
At these old GODEY'S LADY'S BOOKS!

This DAME'S HOME LEDGER—I admit
To part with *that's* a sacrifice!
But one must gladly do one's bit—
And I'll do mine at any price.
Oh, this is Mrs. Brown's, I find—
Well, I'll just send it—she won't mind.

This CHURCH AND MISSIONS is quite new—
It has some stories here and there;
They're mostly serials, 'tis true,
But maybe those dear boys won't care.
I *like* stray chapters—some folks say
You get the story best that way.

And here's our local TOWN GAZETTE;
The soldiers from a distant state
Will like to read of us, I'll bet;
And oftentimes the jokes are great!
Hee! Hee! these funny things, I guess,
I'll just cut out to show to Bess!

No, I was never one to shirk,
And as I'm blest with ample means
I feel I'm doing such good work
To send the soldiers magazines.
I'll add this MEDICAL REVIEW,
And then I think this lot will do!



The new hospital was about to be opened. The ladies of the town had worked hard to raise the funds and erect the building. Everything was in spick and span order. Miss Prood, who had contributed largely, gave the operating room a final critical glance, and suddenly noted what seemed to her a most reprehensible omission. Hastily she ran out to a nearby restaurant, and quickly returning with a sign she borrowed from them, set it inside the door of the operating room. It read:

TABLES RESERVED FOR LADIES



Ephemera

"Have you known any happy marriages?
Oh, Cynicus, tell me, I pray."
"The only ones of that sort I've seen
Are the ones that took place to-day."

THE POET'S WIFE: For Heaven's sake, dear,
why are you writing Free Verse?

THE POET: I have to. To-day's a meterless day.

Curiosity

She's calm and placid as a morn in May;
Her smile is bright—she's equable and mild;
She seems as open-minded as the day,
As frank and artless as a little child.

She seems to hold her heart out to our view,
She seems to bare her very soul—whereas,
She's subtly deep! Oh, *how* I wish I knew
That secret which she never hints she has!



A False Start

There was a smiling, blue-eyed girl who chanced
to be apprenticed
As office-work assistant to an interesting dentist.
Just listen to the tale I'll tell, and you'll be filled
with pity
To learn what happened to that girl—alone in a
great city!

You see, she went to work one day, and—goodness!
wait a minute!

I can't go on—this tale's all wrong! *That's* no
way to begin it!

For, (well I know whereof I speak! I've long been
a frequentist!)

There isn't and there never was an interesting
dentist!

Stupid!

I am irritated beyond words. I hardly spoke to my husband this morning. I was hateful to the maids, snobbish to the elevator boy, and actually slapped my Pom with enjoyment. My luncheon at Sherry's was a failure, the matinée nothing but a nightmare. Life is getting to be a bore. A man telephoned last night and did not leave his name.

SAUCY SISSY: A woman gets married when she gets ready.

JOHN MEEK: Yes, and a man gets married when she gets ready.

Poor little Georgie Washington! The school he went to never had a holiday on the twenty-second of February!





"Beef and Iron Cast Wine Out of the Firm"

What Shall We Do With Our Dancers?

by GEORGE S. CHAPPELL

Illustrations by HOGARTH, JR.

AMUSEMENTS have fallen on evil days. There is no use wailing and moaning over it, but it is a fact nevertheless. Have you ever noticed, glancing through the columns of the newspapers that pleasant little department labeled "Business Troubles." They usually have a rather intimate, family character. Herman Trotzky is getting a commercial divorce from his brother Isadore or Moe Lippman is trying to cut the financial heart out of Cousin Ike. What nice clubby Old Testament sort of reading it makes. But there is something even more pathetic and of a wider interest in the break-up of many old firms which have been booming along merrily since the curtain first rang up on this weltering world. If we can imagine the high gods of Olympus looking over the morning paper while waiting for the ambrosia to cool can't we see them frown slightly over such paragraphs as this. "Business failure announced. The old established firm of Beer, Skittles and Co. today made an assignment in favor of its creditors. This firm is one of the oldest in the country, having been engaged in the manufacture of joys for upwards of two thousand years. They blame their failure on the War. Their host of friends will most certainly hope that a re-organization may be possible at a future date."

A little further down the column Father Jove reads the following brief card.

"The firm of Beef, Iron and Wine begs to announce the dissolution of their firm on January 1st, occasioned by the withdrawal from active business of Mr. Wine. The firm will be continued under the name of Beef, Iron and Co. and begs for a continuance of its patrons' hearty interest."

What a tragedy is here! Poor old Wine was forced out, that's all! He is a down and outer, relegated to the scrap-heap by his younger, stronger associates. Even some of the younger and smaller firms do not escape their difficulties. It is with real grief that we learn that

"The well-known firm of Song and Dance has today dissolved partnership by mutual consent. Incident to the dissolution Dance has filed suit against Song claiming \$200,000 damages for alienation of the Public's affections."

Isn't it sad to think of the smash of all these old

going concerns?—going, did I say—gone, most of them! Beer and Skittles are only a memory. Old Man Wine I knew only slightly, but he was a charming old fellow, full of sparkle—"Pop" the boys used to call him. But there is still hope, I think, for good old Dance, though he may be literally said to be on his last legs. I met him just the other day and he was really quite down-hearted. "People don't seem to have any use for me any more," he complained. "A couple of years ago I thought I was on Easy street . . . everything looked so rosy! Even the old ladies were dancing, and now look at the d—" he burst into tears, unable to complete the sentence.

But it's true, every word of it, and I feel particularly sorry for the fate of dancing. People aren't doing it any more. It's not considered good form, it's too frivolous, it doesn't fit in with the times. That's the indictment. He would be a brave man who would defend the other institutions, the unspeakable Wine, the disreputable Beer, even old Skittles, whoever he is— Let them go, the lot of them. No one realizes more than I the menace of the corner-saloon. It should be abolished. I know several excellent places right in the middle of the block. Besides, the brewers' and vintners' product can be saved up for a dry day. But what a case is dancing! You can't can can-cans, can you?—or preserve polkas?

You know the brewers and distillers, when Congress first began tampering with their producing capacities, set up a dreadful howl about the number of people the closing of their plants would put out of business. They quoted miles and miles of figures proving that a most astounding lot of people were absolutely dependent upon the brewing or distilling industry and that nearly every white-capped, gold-rimmed-spectacled old lady in the whole land owed her kindly nature and continued existence to her morning scoop of malt liquor and her night cap of pure malt whiskey. But really



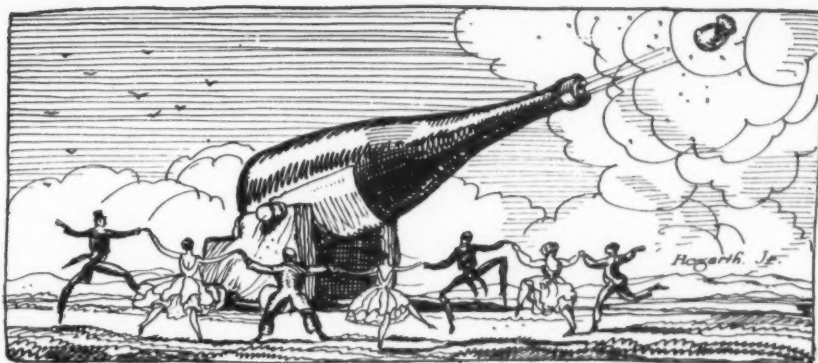
"But when he reaches Grand Central Station, what a scene of carnival and gaiety confronts him!"

the number interested in or in any way dependent on these industries are as a fly in the bucket, or a drop in the ointment to the myriads who would be thrown out of—or shall I say into—employment by the sudden discontinuance of dancing. Why, the ball-room specialists alone, who appear suddenly in the spot-light at a ringside table where they are innocently eating craw-fish à la Newburg, as if they hadn't a thought of dancing, and then rise and throw each other about in the most perilous manner so that you dig in behind the Krug '94, and fully expect to have the lady in your lap, these people alone, I say, run into the thousands! And if you consider the Russian dancers, not only the myriads, who have already been imported, but the numberless ones who are now out of a job at home, standing, as the poet so beautifully says—

"With expensive feet

Where Boche and Bolsheviki meet,"—do you wonder that I shudder at the thought of all these people being suddenly dumped on an already heavily-burdened society. The mere thought of the Amateur—classic dancers, the bare-foot boys and girls, and the cohorts who are simply the faithful followers makes me reel in despair. Shade of Irene Castle, what did you start!

But I hate destructive criticism. I have no patience with a man who takes something away without offering a substitute—and by a substitute I mean something that is really just as good. Don't mention these awful persons who take away beer and offer you Bevo. Paff! It's too awful. But as to dancing, I have a real substitute to offer—not exactly a substitute either, but a transformation, a new use of old material. It is quite clear to me that there is a good deal of reason in the abolishing of the cabaret idea of dancing, with all



"Old Man Wine . . . was a charming old fellow, full of sparkle—'Pop' the boys used to call him."

the silly expense that goes with it. Now that I can't afford it I am willing to forego it; in fact I've become keen on the idea that no one else should enjoy it. But if we are to banish what's bad, let's keep what's good and—here's the kernel of my nut—let's lead dancing into our daily lives. Sounds a bit forced, a bit strained, a bit theatrical, does it? Not at all. Test it. Analyze it. Nothing more simple. Everybody loves to dance . . . that's been proved. Dancing purely, or impurely for amusement, has been frowned upon. Granted—then dance in the pursuit of one's daily affairs, enliven the dull routine of life with a step or two. Good Heavens—why isn't it more practical to tango to one's office than to walk there. One gets there quicker, and that's the main idea.

Think of the new dances that would be evolved, suited to the situations of the day. Picture Father and Mother doing the stately Parker-house Roll round the breakfast table while Irma brings in the muffins with a *pas seul* of Finnish finish. Father's trip to town, assuming him to be one of the tribe which lives within commuting distance of the country (where he sleeps)—his trip to town is of a sedentary nature. He snoozes, he reads, he chats. But when he reaches the Grand Central

Station, what a scene of carnival and gayety confronts him. The opposing populations of Yonkers and Pelham are just taking partners for the morning Paul Jones, and, to the strains of Sousa forced through the automatic train-announcers, the vast crowd whirls around the information-bureau and sweeps majestically into the subway. Can you imagine a finer dancing floor than the New York Stock Exchange! And what a relief it would be to break the tension and turmoil of trading with an occasional jazz from the convenient gal-

lery. I've worked out a little step called "The Bull and the Bear" that I am simply dying to try—it has an up and down motion that is exactly like Steel Common. Of course for our more dignified and elderly men, bank presidents, doctors of divinity, etc., suitable and appropriate forms of rhythmic expression would have to be found. A minister of the gospel for instance might avoid taking any steps at all and go in for graceful posing; it would be more in his line. I can conceive of no more gracious and inspiring sight than a board of directors entering their meeting to the strains of a stately minuet. The gold pieces which insure a full attendance could be given as favors in pink and blue boxes.

But I think I have suggested the idea fully enough. It is as you see practical, constructive and artistic. It merely does to common ugly everyday routine what our architects, poor wretches, are trying to do to steel construction—it drapes it in beauty, and it has as you see an application for every hour of the day, from gray dawn when heavy-eyed Irma formally opens the day with a few steps of "The Pantry Sink" to late at night when the last village cut-up comes Virginia-Reeling Home.



SANDY (showing Sammy through ruined village): "Yes mon, it cost eight months' fighting and 6,000,976 shells to capture this village."
SAMMY: "Well, I don't know—but I think you got stuck."



My valentine an Angel is,
Spreading halos around my bed;
My eye and arm met some slight
harm,
Now I lose my heart and head.

When Mars Meets St. Valentine

by GUSTAV MICHELSON



It doesn't pay, I found one day,
While I wore short frocks at
school,
To send your own, till *his* is
known;
And since, that's been my rule!



My French goes lame
On "je vous aime,"
And Yvonne won't read the
book,
Though that may be, I'd make
her see
If she would only look.

All our Allies are making eyes,
Handing US a heart apiece;
They all adore in time of War,
Will they cease in times of Peace?



My "record" valentine is this;
A murmured song, a languished kiss,
To whole battalions bringing bliss—
Deus ex machina!



WHICH was laid out first, Wall Street or Maiden Lane? Nobody in either street seems to know

CITY DIRECTORY.

Wall Street. Maiden Lane was opened just after the first boom market had created a demand for diamonds.

I much admire a young lady to whom I was recently introduced. Would it be proper to ask if I might call? HERCULES.

Lightless Nights are Sundays and Thursdays.

What shall I do to remove grease-spots from a waistcoat? BEAU BRUMMEL.

Remove your waistcoat and send it, with the grease-spots, to Germany. There the grease shortage is most acute, and you'll find a ready market for spots.

Where do we get the expression, "Listeners never hear good of themselves?"

SUBURBAN.

The "party-wire" was invented by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell.

(1) Was Peter Stuyvesant's wooden leg of Dutch or American manufacture? (2) What is the value of the hole in a Chinese coin? (3) Have the words, "Dictated but not read," ever been found on any of the Babylonian tablets?

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

A towel, plentifully saturated with ice-water and wrapped firmly about the forehead, may possibly bring relief. Relax in a quiet room.

Was it Sir Gilbert Parker or De Wolf Hopper who wrote the romantic opera, "The Pirates of Pinafore"?

THEATRICAL MANAGER.

Watch daily papers for announcements concerning night schools, or call up the Board of Education.

I should like the rest of the song beginning, "Oh, my grandfather's wrist was too big for his watch."

OLD BALLAD SINGER.

So should we. It must be a la-la.

Will you be good enough to inform me what day of the week, Friday, November 23, 1877, fell on?

ATHLETE.

We have no record of the bout. Was it Græco-Roman or Catch-as-Catch Can?

What is the value of a \$10 National Reserve certificate of the United States, issue of 1916?

A. B. SEEDER.

It depends entirely upon the head-waiter.

Can you give me the author of the poem entitled, "Spring"? I kept it for years, but recently lost the clipping.

HYACINTH.

The expression is, "Let well-enough alone."

Soft Answers to Hard Questions

What is the origin of Chess? I understand that it is of great antiquity.

PROCRASTINATION.

"Chess" is a word in Dutch Comedy Dialect, meaning "Yes." It is of great antiquity, going back even prior to the opening of Weber and Fields' Music Hall.

Can you tell me the maiden name of Nat Goodwin?

LOTHARIO.

The poem you ask for is too long to print here.

Playing Bridge, I frowned and shook my head when my partner made an original bid of No Trump. One of my opponents said I should not have done this, but should have gone around the table and showed my partner what I held in my hand. Was my opponent correct?

DUMMY.

He was not. Your opponent should have led his right for your chin. See any reliable boxing manual.



If the Mascots were taken into action

How did Long Acre Square get its present name?

C. GOYNGE HACK.

It is a contraction of Long-Green-Acre. On old maps it appears as rich pasture land belonging to Wouter Von Kale, one of the New Amsterdam patroons.

When Marie Antoinette asked why the populace of Paris did not eat cake, is it known to what kind of cake she had reference?

HISTORY.

Order up a tray of French Pastry and pick out the deadliest-looking.

Was it Mad Anthony Roosevelt or Theodore Wayne who organized the crack cavalry regiment known as the Rough Riders?

STUDENT.

We have referred your inquiry to Dr. Lyman Abbott, the Kansas City *Star* and the Oyster Bay *Pilot*, from none of which (or whom) are you likely to receive an answer.



I am very susceptible to cold. Is there any simple remedy or preventive?

WORRIED.

There is an excellent preventive. Don't come in unless you have Jacks or better.

What is the correct morning attire for a young man-about-town?

CLARENCE.

Pajamas; or, if you prefer, one of the old-fashioned night-shirts. By morning, we presume you mean some time after midnight.

A bets B and agrees to leave it to you. Which wins?

C.

The coin is probably a counterfeit.

To settle a dispute, please tell me by whom the finger-bowl was first introduced into Europe.

DAINTY.

By the Three Men of Gotham. To settle another dispute, will you tell us where you dig up such fool questions?

I write to ask if you will decide a wager for me. I claim that the chicken was created before the egg. My friend says that the egg came first. Which of us is right?

LEGHORN.

Neither of you. The Cold Storage Warehouse was created first.

I have several questions which really are too personal to put on paper. What shall I do?

TRIXIE.

Call us up some rainy afternoon.

By whom was the term "mess" first applied, to a military (or naval) meal?

GOURMET.

Who first ate one?

I have recently been drafted and wish to become inoculated against poison gas cheaply. How must I proceed?

ROOKIE.

Invest 5 cents in a New York subway ticket and proceed from South Ferry to Bronx Park.

Who is responsible for the celebrated saying, "A contrite heart beats a bob-tailed flush?"

JOKER.

We would place the responsibility about midway between the late Mr. Hoyle and the Rev. Billy Sunday. And, by the way, the joker should be taken out of the deck.

In a game of snuff, A bets B that double-blank is a better lead than double-six.

OLD TIMER.

We must decline to interfere in any such hair-raising recreations.

Who uttered the memorable cry, "Give me liberty or give me death!"

PATRIOT.

You have misquoted the gentleman. The correct version is, "Give me liberty bonds or give me death." We believe the sentiment is correctly attributed to Mr. McAdoo.



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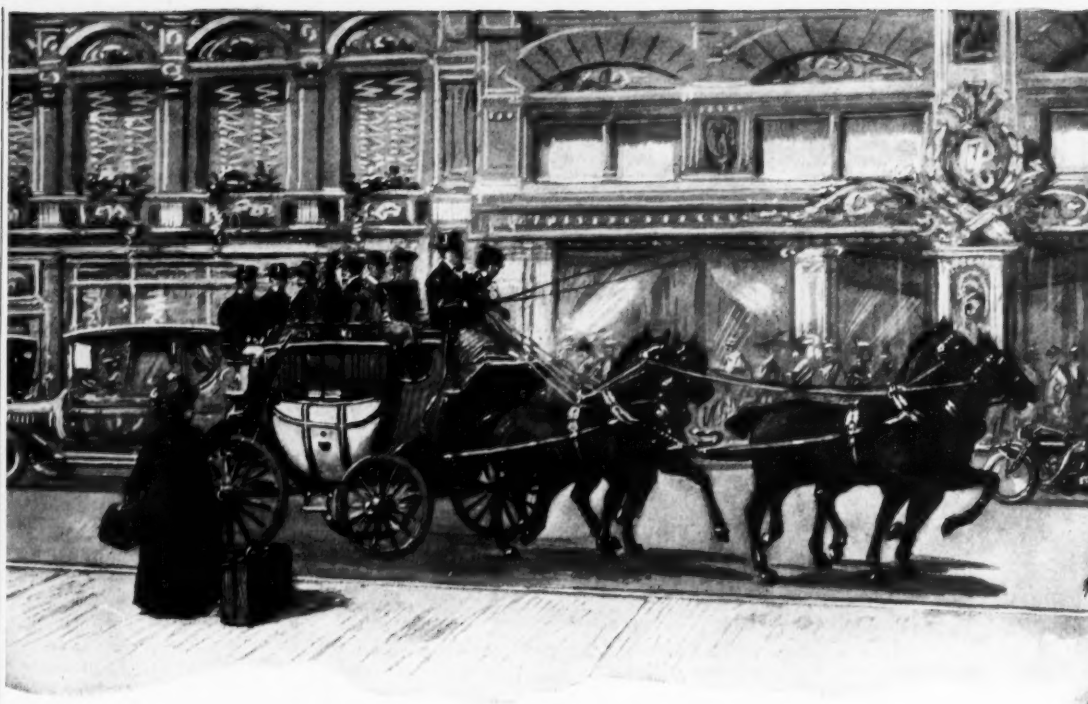
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which remove lines, "crow's feet" and wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness to scrawny necks; lift up sagging corners of the mouth and clear up muddy or sallow skins without the use of cosmetics, creams, massage, masks, plasters, straps, vibrators, "beauty" treatments, or other artificial means. The Kathryn Murray Method will show you how five minutes daily with these simple facial exercises will work wonders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

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AUNT MARY: Drat that driver! Why don't he stop?

Ornithological Ordinance

I HAVE just made an invention which ought to count heavily in the winning of the war. It is called the Mine-Laying Hen. This contrivance consists merely of the familiar, not to say informal, barnyard fowl; the only difference between her and her pacific sisters being in the fact that she lays mines instead of eggs.

The usefulness of such a hen is at once apparent. Imagine her activities inside the enemy's territory! Every morning she cackles with deceptive cheer and lays an innocent-looking white bomb. This maternal offering is gathered with care (fresh eggs being well high priceless in Germany to-day) and boiled for the breakfast of a general. While his aide-de-camp salute at the sight of so unaccustomed a delicacy, the general, with a soldierly gesture, strikes the shell with his spoon, causing the percussion white to ignite the TNT yolk—and his second in command (if stationed more than one hundred yards away) is unexpectedly promoted to fill quite a large vacancy.

Fancy the effectiveness of a dozen of these eggs! They would be deemed a gift for a prince—say, the eighth or ninth Kaiserling, Prince Pretzel - Friedrich, Grand Duke of Saxi-Spoldau-Schweiningen and Head Waiter of the Ritz

Pilsen. We can picture them arriving at the favorite castle of his Highness, Glumburg-auf-dem-Fritz; and we can see him, touched by this token of his subjects' affection, command that they (preferably the eggs) be straightway incorporated into an omelet. Then a terrific detonation, rending the schloss from pinnacle to

barnacle—and it's all over but the ivy.

Thus far I have spoken of but a single hen—I mean, one married hen—but it is not my intention to stop there. Far from it. I would have hundreds of these bomb-birds, thousands of them—just as many as Congress would authorize. (The debates over this measure in the Senate will be interesting. I am sure, as so many of the members of that body are peculiarly fitted to discuss hens.) And, not to disorganize our home poultry too much, I would have them selected for service abroad by draft, and each fowl would have to pass a rigid physical examination. No fallen claws, or anything like that. And I would send them over just as fast as the coop-ships could carry them. It would be a case of one great cackle, and then a cataclysm.

Aerial torpedoes would be docile in comparison! If we could shoo a million of these mine-missionaries into the German lines, the war would be over that very day.

Such is my plan. But there is a small detail that remains to be solved and that is, how to induce the hens to lay mines instead of eggs. This point still puzzles me. Before submitting my project to the War Department, I should like to consult some eminent rooster.

"I Can See Them Campfires Gleaming"

by WILLIAM F. KIRK

I

In a gloomy apartment in upper New York,
Unknown to the hurrying throng,
A songwriter pale hung his hat on a nail
And started a popular song.
He murdered a Hun in verse Number One
And told of a sweetheart's fond kiss,
Then, weeping a tear, he shifted his gear
And dashed off a chorus like this:

CHORUS

"I can see them campfires gleaming
On them hills so far away,
While them shot and shell are screaming
And them drums and bugles play.
But tonight, dear, I am dreaming
How I met you, darling Mae
When your Dad and me was teaming
Down at Narragansett Bay!"

II

The songwriter gazed at the chorus he wrote
And thought of the coin it would bring.
His name was on many a thirty day note,
His watch had lain idle since Spring.
'Tis sad when you think how slingers of ink
Sign notes and not checks for their pelf.
With a lump in his throat as the chorus he wrote
He sang it once more to himself:

CHORUS

"I can see them campfires gleaming," etc.

A Chat with the Star in My Own Play

(Continued from page 11)

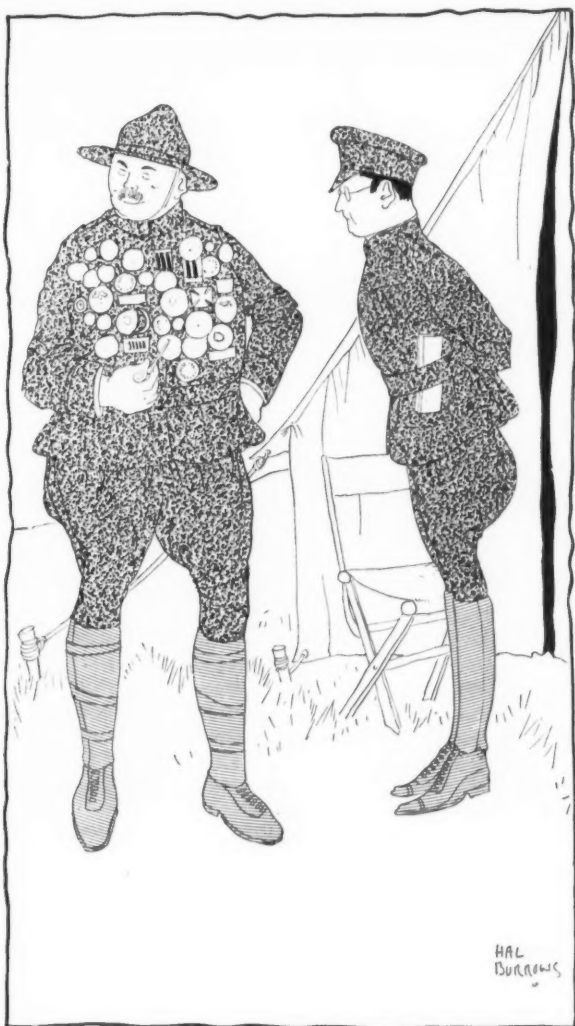
she declared. "Oh, of course I know interviewers. Why shouldn't I? You would be delighted if I were to criticize plays and give my views of my contemporaries—oh, I beg your pardon, I mean contemporaries. The truth is that I seldom go to the theatre, because my picture work has kept me so busy, and when one arises from downy couch at seven in the morning, the theatre is not exactly what one seeks for recreation. No, I am not going to tell you that I do not like the theatre, because I adore it. I am extremely fond of it. But I have missed so many good plays, and have failed to see so many interesting stars, that I am a bit lost, as it were. You understand."

Again she smiled sweetly, as though she quite knew that she was closing up all avenues to my greed for talk.

"It is strange," I said, "to think that you and I have never met before, and that the very first time, we do meet, you are playing the lead in my play. It is extraordinary, isn't it?"

"I suppose I should feel very grateful to you," she said ingenuously, and then she hopped on the stage, and left me.

(Oh, they are much easier to tackle at home, with the neatly arranged "props," the inevitable mommer, and the dreadful poodle. That is quite certain.)



THE COLONEL: How we have advanced since the middle ages. Think of having to wear a metal shirt!

Advice

"Beware," warned the Mind, solemnly.

The Heart, whistling a gay tune, cocked its hat upon one ear, gave a twist to its cravat, and kicked the old savant downstairs.

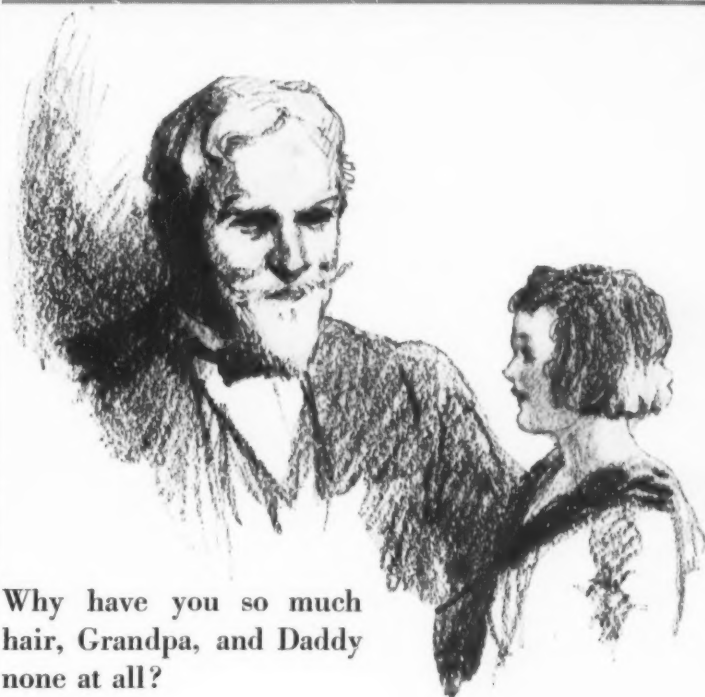
A woman most admires a man for those of his qualities which his mother most dislikes.

Contretemps

An artist, wandering along the highway of a city, with his eyes on the stars, tripped over something, fell and was crippled.

It was a purse of gold.

Woman is most interesting when she is in love; man is most interesting when he is just over being in love.



Why have you so much hair, Grandpa, and Daddy none at all?

Because I took care of my scalp and he didn't. Glover's would have saved his hair as it did mine. It has made good for forty years.

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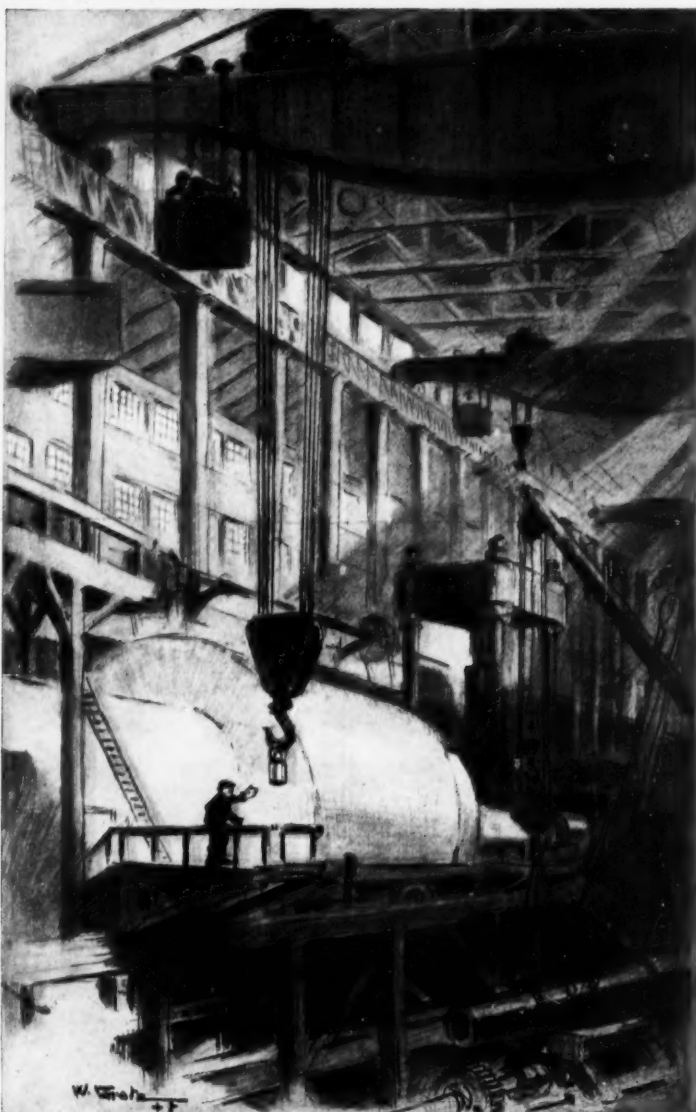
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THE ONE ABOVE: There y'ar Jim—there's your lunch.

A Sympathetic Soul

MISTRESS (to new hired girl): Maggie, you can go now and put the mackerel in soak.

MAGGIE (sympathetically): Sure, ma'am, air yez rejuced to that?

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Creased Trousers

Why is it that a razor edge, coursing mid-hip to mid-shin is a mark of the well-dressed man? Or is the preservation of that line merely the excuse for hitching up one's trousers and revealing above the Oxfords a riot of pale lavender to match the cravat? Baggy apparel to-day is either a reproach, a sign of genius or an invitation to Bohemia. Some one ought to start a movement for aesthetic pantaloons and make unfashionable the straight and narrow path pressed into being by the tailor. In a world of curves why show so much partiality for the straight line? Think of Fifth Avenue as a vision of moving parabolas and hyperbolas, not to mention ordinary ellipses and ovals, coaxed into breeches by our smartest designers.

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Duesenberg

I didn't begin with askings. I took my job and stuck;
I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now they're calling it luck.
And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scripture text,
"You keep your light so shining a little in front o' the next!"
They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind,
And I left 'em sweating and stealing a year and a half behind.

—RUDYARD KIPLING in "The Mary Gloster"

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